If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honours pawne, then stoop.
By that and all the rights of Knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee arme to arme
What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.
Mow: I take it up, and by that sword I swore
Which gently layd my Knighthood on my shoulder,
Ile answer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chivalrous designe of Knightly tryall:
And when I mount, alive may I not light
If I be traytor, or unjustly fight.
King: What doth our Cousin lay to Mowbray?
It must be great that can inherite us,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Buli: Looke what I said my life shall prove it true
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of Lendings for your highnesse Souldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd imployments
Like a false Traytor, & injurious Villaine.

Bardy

Besides I say, & will in battelle prove,
Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was surveyd by English eye,
That all the treasons of these eighteene yeares
Complotted & contrived in this Land,
Fetcht from false Mowbray their first head & Spring.
Further I say & further will maintaine
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Glosters death,
Suggest his soone beleeving adversaries,
And consequently like a Traytor Coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent soule through streames of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abels cryes,
(Even from ỹ tongueless caverns of the earth)
To me for Justice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arme shall doe it, or this life be spent.

King.

(End of 3d. page.)